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THE ETUDE.

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It is sometimes worth while for a teacher to call a halt to himself to put himself on the mental rack and play the rigid inquirer, who will follow every twist of which self-suspicious nature may avail itself. It will pay him to consider well his attitude toward every one of his pupils and seek to discover what is his real notion of them. Here is one who is a delight to him; he enjoys teaching such a pupil and expects rich results. Another is a bore, can not learn; another is lazy, will not study; still another is willing, but lacks ability. Necessarily, his attitude toward each one must vary, and the vital question is, Does my work, my earnestness, my thoroughness, vary accordingly?

The question, honestly asked and conscientiously answered, may prove a sharp, an abiding lesson to the teacher whose work has grown perfunctory in character.

VACATION is over. Jack has had his play. He was eager for his time of recreation, for he believes most thoroughly in the truth of the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But now that the enervating heat of the summer season, the relaxing period of play-time is over, he should prove the converse of the old proverb. With the teachers of the country again in their studios, and pupils again in their homes and schools, both refreshed and strengthened by a rest from dull routine, by a change of mental and physical activity, there should arise in each heart the determination to make this season's work the best and richest in results of all those that are fruitful. The future is to be made. Let it be a bright, a beautiful one. Let us enter it with happy, with courageous hearts, a willingness to labor, and a confidence in a successful outcome.

THERE is something in the constitution of society that admits of hero-worship. The public demands an idol. At the present time the soldier and the sailor are the central figures of all groups, social and political, of all sketches with pencil or pen, and of all conversation. Art, literature, politics, science, and discovery must take a back seat. But 't will not be for long.

We predict that the coming musical season will witness the arising of musical heroes—no new experience, however, as all who remember the Paderewski craze can

testify. And reports agree that the great Polish pianist, with his wealth of hair, all his fingers, and his marvelous playing, will be with us once again. Alexander Siloti is to return, and Emil Sauer is to come to our land to duplicate the triumphs he has achieved in Europe.

These artists, who have been feted, admired, and caressed by the social as well as the musical world, will be heroes, just as they have been hitherto. What a power they may wield for our beloved art, if only they rise to the fullest possibilities of their opportunities! What an inspiration to the struggling student, to the ambitious but unknown artist, to the aspiring composer, and to what a plane of dignity they can raise the musician, if only they so determine!

We can not do without heroes in music. "One great man can make a century," 'tis said, and one great artist, with an unselfish devotion to his brethren in the art, can be a shining exemplar of the heights that may be reached by the seeker after the true and the beautiful.

How often do we hear one of those very musical people, who "do n't know one note from another," but are "so fond of it, you know," say, "What a pretty chord!" How the musician's gorge rises at such crass ignorance and empty superficiality of view! How can any single, isolated chord be "pretty"? Every triad is consonant, and, aesthetically considered, must produce the same effect, save as modified by distribution of the members and the particular octave in which it is played. Similarly with any of the discords, sevenths, ninths, etc.

The truth of the matter is that the effect of a chord is relative and depends upon what precedes and what follows. It is conditioned upon activity, which is the very ground fact of life. A single chord struck alone is repose; it produces an effect on the mind; if repeated more than several times, becomes wearisome, even monotonous. But let it be contrasted by following it by a chord of different character, and we call into play our aesthetic faculty and thus introduce us into the realm of the beautiful.

A Wagner story which lately appeared in one of the musical journals is credited to Saint Saëns.

How easy it is to mistake a part for a whole, to lay stress upon a subordinate thing and shut out from one's view the larger fact that should receive one's attention! These players will give every passage they meet marked *f, ff, p*, or *pp* with about the same force, will strike all accented notes with the same degree of power, not taking into consideration that these signs are relative in their importance and must be proportioned to the general level of dynamic power demanded by the character of the composition.

A similar example may be found in some church hymnals, in which the editors have marked every line of a four- or five-stanza hymn with "marks of expression."

Congregational singing is usually bad enough, but the writer prays to be delivered from ever hearing such hymns—or a choir even, for that matter—sing hymns with such alternation as the following (each sign indicating a line of a hymn, which consists of six lines, four syllables each, and one of nine): *f, p, ff, pp, cr, lines*. The fact is that the editors wanted to paint the *p, cr*. The fact is that the editors wanted to paint the idea of each short phrase, and paid no attention to the dominant idea of the whole stanza, which was one of rejoicing.

ONE of the most valuable movements that has made itself felt in music teaching methods of late is the prominence awarded to the development and strengthening of the faculty of musical perception, or, as it is commonly known, ear-training. It is lamentably true that a great many piano-players can not with certainty appreciate pitch, as indicated by the notes on a printed page,—can not sing a tune,—and know the pieces they play largely through "position" and in the fingers.

That this is wrong and needless is the consensus of opinion at the present day. While some pupils are far in advance of others in ability to learn to think music, generally through an inherited keen faculty, the number who can not acquire a considerable degree of proficiency is very small. What is needed is an earnest teacher and a good text book, and it is safe to say that but few pupils will not show interest in this valuable line of study.

We are very certain that the generation of piano-players and singers now being trained will be far in advance of the present in point of true musical training and ability to think as well as to feel music, and also in general musical culture. The present-day teacher who is alive to his responsibilities and opportunities knows that he must teach the true appreciation of music through the ear and not through the fingers.

BUILD up your repertory slowly, steadily, uninterruptedly. Rapid growth is spangly, rappy, weak. Irregular motion is just as ineffectual as the dashing of a devil's dancing-maid. Truly marvelous is the result of small, continuous efforts. Nature's processes are, for the most part, silent and almost invisible for their slowness, but how mighty! Billions upon billions of anking rootlets build up the immense forests of the Amazon Valley. In the winter the boys first mold a round globe of snow, which just fills the hollow of the two hands. This they begin to roll over the snow-covered earth. The moist, adhesive, focculent substance clings to the surface of the globe wherever it touches. So, after while the globe is four feet in diameter. So, after a while the globe is from childhood on. Never learn low music, and never forget that which has worth. The original handful of snow is still at the center of the vast ball.

Schumann's "Trübsamer" is good for the child, and may be played by the mature artist.

"Well, he looks like a musician," is a phrase we frequently hear. Is it true that there is a type which denotes unerringly the musician? We think not. Men vary in every country and among all races, and particularly there is a marked difference in this respect between the Teutonic and other continental races, and the Anglo-Saxon in England and the United States. A type has been developed among the former which shows clearly defined ideas as to dress and other details of personal appearance, and the observance of this tradition is almost as rigid as a "clerical cut" to the minister. It is only an imitation among our people—an imitation of a style which is the outgrowth of an entirely different nature. The American teacher who follows European notions in the dressing of his hair, the cut of his personal apparel, the style of his hat, is not justified in doing so by any racial characteristics. There is no reason why he should differentiate himself in dress from that which convention has adopted for the well-dressed man.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTIONS ADVICE

Practical Points by Eminent Teachers

WHAT NOT TO DO.

C. W. LANKON.

ONE of the best teachers that I know began teaching in an obscure country town where a young man, soon secured a good class, remained there for more than thirty years, and is still there. He never attends either the State or National Music Teachers' Association meetings, reads little or nothing from music journals, and attends but few concerts, although he is in easy reach of a large musical center. He is, so far as can be judged, fully satisfied with himself, and seeks nothing outside of himself. He is full of good ideas, but never writes for music journals, therefore has no reputation outside of the immediate personal influence of his own musical community; he uses the old style of music, especially in vocal training, while he is a stickler for the classics written by the great German composers. If he could be induced to attend the Association meetings and to take an active part in them, it would make of him a musician of national reputation, while, at the same time, it would greatly enlarge and broaden his capabilities, as well as make him a thousand times more useful member of the musical profession, for he has many valuable qualities. He fails to realize that the musical world is rapidly advancing. While he is one of the best of the old school, yet he is at the tag end of the passing procession of advancement; whereas, if he would be active among musicians, and work on the newer ideas in musical pedagogy, he would be a leader in the front of modern musical progress.

DOUBLE TEMPO.

MADAME A. PUPIN.

MANY people practice everything in the same uniform tempo, and generally a little too fast or too hurriedly. This habit is not conducive to improvement. Others begin very slowly and work gradually up to a high rate of speed. This is a very excellent way, but there are occasions when practicing in double tempo will bring about wonderful results.

Double tempo means playing first very slowly, then twice as fast, then four times as fast, and, if possible, eight times as fast.

Double tempo is a test of ability. When you can play a passage twice as fast with the same perfection and facility, you may attempt it four times as fast; and if you can play it four times as fast, with the same conditions, you may try it eight times as fast. But when any new tempo is tried and it does not go so smoothly and correctly as the preceding, it must not be practiced, but go back and practice at the preceding tempo, which will finally make this one possible.

For example, the practice of a trill with eight notes to a count—the notes merely and hesitatingly played—will never make a perfect trill, while, by practicing diligently one, two, and four notes to a count, the day will arrive when the student will discover that he can make an even, rapid trill with eight notes to the count.

Double tempo gives you an aim, shows you how to reach it, and informs you when you have reached it.

THE TEMPERED SCALE.

LOUIS C. ELSON.

It is known to almost every musician that the scale used in our musical system is out of tune with the intervals demanded by nature. The composers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries kept their compositions always in one or two keys, because their

keyed instruments, tuned to the natural intervals, could not modulate far from the key of C or F. Willaert, in 1550, advocated a change by tempering the intervals, but it remained for Bach, in his "Well-tempered Clavichord" (book 1, 1722; book 2, 1742), to practically introduce the scale of twelve equal semi-tones—all more or less out of tune, but enabling the pianist and organist to enter all keys at will.

Since that time many attacks have been made upon this compromise system, but it may be noted that these attacks nearly always come from the scientist, and never from the great composer. It would be a gain to music if we could have the pure intervals of Nature, instead of the tempered ones, but until this reform can be effected one may remember that the "tempered scale" was established by the greatest musician the world has ever possessed, and that Schubert, Schumann, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and all the rest of the great band of famous composers have calmly acquiesced in its use.

METHODS.

PERLIE V. JERVIS.

IN our recent war with Spain it was amply demonstrated that, while the enemy had even better guns than ours, it was the man behind the gun that made our fighting so terribly effective.

There is a deal of talk about methods nowadays, but do not lose sight of the man behind the method; he it is who wins the victory. The best of methods can be very ineffective in the hands of a poor teacher, and a fine teacher accomplishes great results not because of the method he uses, but because of the brains behind the method.

EDITIONS.

E. A. SMITH.

"NAMELESS" is a word that may very appropriately be applied to the many editions now being published of various compositions, standard and otherwise, daily being foisted upon the market. Some of these editions are valuable only as waste paper. Poorly and incorrectly printed, they weary the eye and exhaust the patience of both teacher and pupil. The standard editions will always differ so long as they are edited by men of different minds, and this is an advantage, for by comparing the best editions one may obtain many good suggestions, at least in the fingering and marks of interpretation. In forming a library a good plan is to get the standard works bound in cloth; they are durable, attractive, and comparatively inexpensive—advantages which the paper-cover editions do not possess.

A DISCREETABLE HABIT.

CARL W. GRIMM.

WHO has not met piano players possessed of that most disagreeable and disgusting habit of wanting a great deal of coaxing for a little playing?

There are a number of reasons for this reluctance to play before others. The principal one is that when the moment comes for them to show what they can do, they begin to feel that they have not studied everything so thoroughly as they should have done. They realize that they can not accomplish what is expected of them. Always be prepared to play a number of pieces well.

Others may refuse because they are nervous. This so-called nervousness too often proves to be not an ailment, but a lack of concentration of the mind when playing before others. Take every chance you can get to practice the art of playing to a piece, and always do

your best. Nobody need be ashamed of having done his best.

Some can not play on any other instrument but their own. Make it a point to play on all kinds of instruments you meet, good or bad. Make the "best and most of things" once a use and ever a custom.

Again, when a performer has no music with him, a poor memory is often the excuse for not playing. Never give up trying to learn something by heart. It can be done by persistent effort.

There are some who can not read at sight. The further advanced you are, the greater the necessity of practicing sight-reading. It is undoubtedly the most serviceable accomplishment of any. You should be able to read music as rapidly as you can a newspaper.

The most unpleasant impressions are made by those who refuse to play for no other reason than that they have been spoiled, because people make so much of them. They do not know what dear amount of false listening. Probably the best and quickest cure for such habitual refusals is to quit asking them.

When you are called upon to play, respond pleasantly and with a cheerful face. Try your very best to infuse gladness into every heart.

New Publications

WHAT IS ART? LEO TOLSTOI. Crowell & Co., \$1.00.

The views set forth in this volume are so new and, indeed, revolutionary, that they might be called a Socialist's opinion on art, yet they are presented with so much wit and wisdom combined that the reader is at first forced into acquiescence, whether he will or not. But on calm reconsideration several points come into view that weaken the force of the first impression.

There is no more certain source of error than to divide the world sharply into two classes, in accordance with any standard, and, assuming that "Right" is the exclusive property of one class, make "Wrong" as inevitably the heritage of the other.

The whole of his argument is based on the postulate "that." The instinct of the uneducated—the peasant, the laborer—is entering in his decision as to what constitutes a work of "art." Therefore, all that goes by the name of "art" among the cultivated classes, or the rich (as he uses the terms synonymously), is false art.

Now, there is nothing more notorious than the fact that the artistic sense is no respecter of persons, but is as likely to manifest itself in one station of life as in another. The greatest creative artists—those who have given new directions to "art"—have arisen from the "people," and, so far from conforming to the standards of either "people" or "princes," have in the end compelled both to try to rise to their altitude.

Tolstoi fails gloriously to recognize the fact that the evolution of society must result in constantly increasing complexity. Every rise in the plane of education brings into view wider horizons of thought, feeling, and emotion, to which the dwellers on the humbler plane must be strangers. He denounces "Hamlet" as false art, and praises a vulgar representation of a hunter and a deer by the Vogel Tartan as true art. But surely "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" in Vogl philosophy, and to those who can receive it, "Hamlet" may be pregnant with valuable instruction far beyond the view of the Vogel, and it is surely unfair to say that, because the Vogel can not enjoy it, it is false art, or that the educated has no right to enjoy it because the Vogel can not.

In the first chapter is an account of an opera rehearsal, in the thirteenth chapter of a performance of Siegfried. Both are written with irresistible humor, yet are rather misleading. In the first case, because the ridiculous accidents that are inevitable at a rehearsal should not

and can not, influence the judgment in estimating the artistic value of the result. Doubtless the Vogel performance required some rehearsing, and possibly the boy who played the fawn was stupid, and was sworn at in due voice by the mother deer, or cursed until he mastered his "role."

In the other case the ridicule is distributed impartially among properties, music, action, and libretto,—and what justice or injustice, we leave to the Wagnerians to say.

But in his reference to the "Magic Flute" he seems to get a glimpse of the fact that, though all the accessories may be consensual, the music itself may yet have artistic value.

The final chapter is a singular instance of the blindness to the most obvious facts that results from adhesion to a theory. The kind of reasoning that may pass in the vague realm of Art reveals its inadequacy when brought into the dry light of Science. In condemning experimental science he condemns the factor that has done more than any other to produce amelioration in the social and material condition of the world at large. The thousand and one applications of electricity to-day grew from the seed planted by Franklin, Galvani, and Volta. Therefore, it is curious to see a student at the X-ray inventories. The surges of science are infinite and their consequences incalculable.

After making all allowances and deductions, there is a power and fascination not to be resisted in this book. The evident sincerity, the pure, lofty aims of the author, are everywhere apparent.

It is impossible to read it without having one's views of life, religion, and art widened and elevated. Tolstoi is uncompromising foe to every species of insincerity and immorality.

In these days when the art of the "decadents" flourishes and attempts are made to blot out the distinctions between false and true, right and wrong, such a book comes like the "voice in the wilderness" to recall mankind to the old paths, or compel them, at least, to pause and look whither the path they are following leads.

H. A. CLARKE.

THE EPIC OF SOUNDS. An Elementary Interpretation of Wagner's "Nibelungen Ring." BY FREDA WISWORTH. J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1.25

A great many analyses of Wagner's trilogy have been put on the market, yet this little volume has a place of its own. It is not only a statement of the story of the drama, but also an interpretation of the characters and incidents. Wagner was a poet, and it is justifiable to assume that what he wrote, the *dramatis personae* themselves, everything, had a mystical or allegorical significance. It matters not to what extent the reader will coincide with the author in his interpretation, there is much interest to be derived from it. The work is done clearly and is thoroughly and logically arranged. In a concise yet comprehensive manner the main idea of the "Ring" is indicated, with an analytical statement of the races, particular characters of the drama, their relationships, the qualities they impersonate, and an ethical exegesis of the "Nibelungen Ring," all of which is not nearly so formidable nor abstruse as the usual reader may think, and is exceedingly helpful to the reading of the story of the drama, which is well and fully told and illustrated by the leading motives. We regret to say that the proof-reading in this latter respect was not so accurate as it should have been.

We can conscientiously recommend this work to those of our readers who wish to study these great dramas, even if they look forward to no immediate opportunity of hearing them. Every musician and music lover should know upon what ideas the epoch-making works of Wagner rested, and what the works are. The influence, theories, the constructive and musical principles of the Bayreuth master have so permeated modern music and musical literature that one who does not know them is off the line of progress.

Those who expect to be able to hear the trilogy, or any single one of the operas, will be greatly assisted to an understanding and appreciation of the work that will greatly enhance the pleasure of the hearing.

MUSICAL ITEMS

LORENGINI was lately performed for the four hundredth time in Berlin.

A MONUMENT is to be placed over the grave of Scherler, the great contrapuntist.

PROF. EDWARD A. MACDOWELL has arranged for a series of piano recitals.

IN Nassau, piano-playing on Sunday is considered a crime and is punished by a fine.

PADEBIEWSKI has bought a beautiful home near Lake Geneva, where he is now living.

SOUSA's new opera, "The Charlatan," has been well received. The scenes are laid in Russia.

The choir of St. Peter's, Rome, contains sixty boys, between the ages of nine and seventeen years.

WAGNER's opera belonging to the "Ring" series are to be given without cuts in New York this season.

ADRI LACHAUME, who traveled with Teyssie and Marteau last season, is to teach in New York this season.

The Royal Conservatorium at Dresden had 1044 students last year drawn from all parts of the world.

RICHARD STRAUSS's new symphony is called "Heldenleben" (The Life of a Hero), and is in four movements.

A HITHERTO unpublished opera by Lortzing, called "Raglan," has been discovered, and will be given in Berlin.

MELBA is said to be very fond of rowing, and is often seen on the Thames when she is at her home in England.

In a recent concert in Florence, Italy, all the artists who took part were Americans completing their studies there.

The Paderewski prize at Leipzig was won this year by a young Pole, who wrote the best symphony submitted.

STEFANO GONATTI is the operatic composer who has achieved the latest success in Italy. The opera was "I Goidi."

VERDI, like Jean de Rouze, is an ardent admirer of horses. His stable is said to contain some of the finest horses in Italy.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN is able to beat his work again and will have charge of the approaching festival in Leeds, England.

IGNACE PADEBIEWSKI has completed the opera on which he has been at work for several years. It will be first given in Dresden.

A MONUMENT has been erected over the grave of Jacob Stauder, the famous violin-maker. He was a pupil of the Cremona makers.

AN English edition of Thyers' "Life of Beethoven" is promised. It will be issued in this country and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel will be the editor.

FREDERICK RUMEL was offered the post of Professor of Piano in the Conservatory of Moscow, but declined, he preferring to give up his career as a virtuoso.

HERVE MARTEAU, the French violinist, offers a prize of \$100 for the best sonata for piano and violin, the competition being open to American composers only.

The composer, Gony, who died in Leipzig last April, left a legacy of \$500, with the direction, to apply the interest to the relief of some worthy and needy musician yearly.

A NOTEBOOK of Mozart, said to have been found recently and published by the Mozart Society of Berlin, contains compositions written when he was but four years old.

WILLY RUBINSTEIN, the "modern Paganini," is to make a concert tour in the United States. He was formerly concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

THE King of Italy has decreed that the conservatory at Milan shall hereafter be known as the Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi. By way of contrast to this, let it be remembered that when Verdi was a young man he was refused admission to this very school, on the ground that he showed no special aptitude for music.

A RECENT invention to facilitate the production of higher notes on a cornet is described by the Philadelphia "Record." The ordinary mouthpiece is inclosed in a sleeve controlled by springs. This is pressed in by the lips when a high note is to be produced, so as to form a smaller opening in the rubber mouth ring.

As the musical exhibition given under the patronage of the German Emperor is an old-fashioned gale har-monica which, according to the catalogue, is "from his Majesty's collection," and belonged originally to Benjamin Franklin. A note says that the American statesman invented the instrument, that Gluck played one, and Mozart wrote several pieces for it.

PIANO leather, a species of buckskin used in piano manufacture, is nearly all made by a family of tanners in Thimbleburg, who guard the process of tanning with the utmost care.

MARCAONI's three children, two boys and a girl, all study music. The eldest, a boy of eight, sits alone and with the air of a veteran, already takes his place in the orchestra as violinist.

THE Pennsylvania State Music Teachers' Association will hold a meeting at Williamsport, December 28th and 29th. Mr. Roscoe Huff, of that city, is the president of the Association.

MARCAONI has lately taken up the cause of an Italian boy, Orlando Salvatore, an orchestral player, who, at the age of eleven, has composed a symphony. He is to receive a thorough musical education.

THE writing of incidental music to Shakespeare's plays has opened up a new field to English musicians. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's latest work was the special music to "Richard II" for Sir Henry Irving.

AN English journal announces that the governing body of Oxford University contemplates requiring candidates for musical degrees to take up residence and obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts first.

A GOOD proof that musical taste in the United States is spreading, and that the standard is rising, is afforded by the demands of "star course" organizations. Traveling concert companies must present programs of solid worth.

ROSENTHAL has about 700 different works in his repertory, any one of which he is ready to play without the slightest preparation. He plays his first engagement in New York, October 26th, and later will tour the country to the Pacific coast.

TORTI, the famous song composer, seeks his recreation in naphthalene, in which he is an expert. This is a new idea. Perhaps it would be well for a musician if he had a good trade at his fingers' ends. More than one composer has been called a good "carpenter."

THE latest composer here is Don Lorenzo Perosi, an Italian priest, whose sacred oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," has created unbounded enthusiasm in Venice. He is but twenty-two years of age. He has also written a great deal of music for the church service, also.

MAX ALVARY, whose Siegfried is so well known to the opera-going public, he said he is dying at his home in Thuringia of a cancerous affection of the stomach. His long illness and inability to work has almost impoverished him, and it is feared his family may be left in want.

WILLY RUBINSTEIN, the virtuoso violinist, who is to play in the United States this season after four years of study with Joachim, secluded himself for three years, practicing eight to ten hours daily, and then appeared as a virtuoso of phenomenal requirements. He was a protégé of van Blijow.

STREKOWSKI, the Dutch pianist, was arrested in Lach, Austria, because he failed to raise his hat when a religious procession passed by in which the host was carried. He would have been roughly handled if he had not kept some of the fanatic populace at bay by main force. He is a very powerful man.

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Old Foggy Redivivus.

THE tropical weather in the early part of last month set a dozen problems whirling in my skull. Near my bungalow on the upper Wissahickon were several young men, camping out for the summer. One afternoon I was playing with great gusto a lovely sonata by Dusek, —the one in A-flat,—when I heard laughter, and, rising, I went to the window in an angry mood. Outside were two smiling faces, the patronizing faces of two young men.

"Well!" said I, rather shortly.
"It was like a whiff from the eighteenth century," said a stout, dark young fellow.
"A whiff that would dissipate the musical malaria of this," I cried, for I saw I had musicians to deal with. There was hearty laughter at this, and as young laughter warms the cockles of an old man's heart, I invited the pair indoors, and over some bottled ale—I despise your new-fangled sops—we discussed the Fine Arts. It is not the custom nowadays to capitalize the arts, and to me it reveals the want of respect in this headlong, irrelevant generation. To return to my mutton—to my sheep: they told me they were pianists from New York or thereabouts, who had conceived the notion of spending the summer in a tent.

"And what of your practicing?" I stily asked. Again they roared. "Why, old boy, you must be behind the times. We use a dumb piano the most part of the year, and have brought a three-octave one along." That set me going. "So, you spend your vacation with the dumb, expecting to learn to speak, and yet you mock me because I play Dusek! Let me inform you, my young sir, that this quaint, old-fashioned music, with its faint odor of the rococo, is of more satisfying musical value than all your modern gymnastics. Of what use, pray, is your superabundant technique if you can't make music? Training your muscles and memorizing, you say? Fiddlesticks! The 'well-tempered Clavichord' for one hour a day is of more value to a pianist technically and musically than an array of mechanical devices. I never see a latter day pianist on his travels but I am reminded of a comedian with his ronge-pot, grease-paints, wigs, arms, and costumes. Without them, what is the actor? Without his finger-boards and exercising machines, what is the pianist of to-day? He fears to stop a moment because his rival across the street will be able to play the double-thirds study of Chopin in quicker tempo. It all hinges on velocity. This season there will be a race between Rosenthal and Sater, to see who can vomit the greater number of notes. Pleading, laudable ambition, is it not? In my time a piano artist read, meditated, communed much with nature, slept well, ate and drank well, saw much of society, and all his life was reflected in his play. There was sensibility,—above all, sensibility,—the one quality absent from the performances of your new pianists. I don't mean super-slick emotion, nor yet sprawling passion,—the passion that tears the wires to tatters,—but a poetic sensibility that infused every bar with humanity. To this was added a healthy tone that lifted the music far above anything morbid or depressing."

I continued in this strain until the dinner-bell rang, and I had to invite my guests to remain. Indeed, I was not sorry, for all old men need some one to talk to and at, else they fret and grow peevish. Besides, I was anxious to put my young masters to the test. I have a grand piano of good age, with a sounding-board like a fine tempered fiddle. The instrument, an American one, I handle like a delicate thoroughbred horse, and, as my playing is accomplished by the use of my fingers and not my heels, the piano does not really betray its years.

We dined not sumptuously but liberally, and with our pipes and coffee went to the music room. The lads, excited by my criticisms and good cheer, were eager for a demonstration at the keyboard. So was I. I let them play first. This is what I heard: The dark-skinned youth, who looked like the priestly and uninteresting Siloti, sat down and began idly prelude. He had good fingers, but they were spoiled by a hammer-

like touch and the constant use of forearm, upper-arm, and shoulder pressure. He called my attention to his tone. Tone! He made every individual wire jangle, and I trembled for my smooth, well-kept action. Then he began the B-minor Ballade of Liszt. Now, this particular piece always exasperates me. If there is much that is mechanical and conventional in the Thalberg fantasies, at least they are frankly sensational and admittedly for display. But the Liszt Ballade, so empty, so pretentious, so affected! One expects that something is about to occur, but it never comes. There are the usual chromatic modulations leading nowhere and the usual portamentos roll in the bass. The composition works up to as much silly display as ever indulged in by Thalberg. My pianist splashed and splintered, playing chord-work straight from the shoulder, and when he had finished he cried out, "There is a dramatic close for you!"

"I call it mere brutal noise," I replied, and he winked at his friend, who went to the piano without my invitation. Now, I did not care for the looks of this one, and I wondered if he, too, would display his biceps and his triceps with such force. But he was a different brand of the modern breed. He played with a small, gritty tone, and at a terrible speed, a foolish and fantastic derangement of Chopin's D-flat Valse. This he followed, at a break-neck tempo, with Brahms' dislocation of Weber's C major Rondo, sometimes called "the perpetual movement." It was all very wonderful, but was it music?

"Gentlemen," I said, as I arose, pipe in hand, "you have both studied, and studied hard," and they settled themselves in their bamboo chairs with a look of resignation; "but have you studied well? I think not. I notice that you lay the weight of your work on the side of technics. Speed and a brutal quasi-orchestral tone seem to be your goal. Where is the music? Where has the airy, graceful valse of Chopin vanished? Encased, as you gave it, within hard, unyielding walls of double thirds, it lost all its spirit, all its evanescent hues. It is a butterfly caged. And do you call that music, that topey-turvy of the Weber Rondo? Why, it sounds like a clock that strikes thirteen in the small hours of the night! And you, sir, with your thunderous and grandiloquent Liszt Ballade, do you call that pianoforte music, that constant striving for an aping of orchestral effects? Out upon it! It is hollow music—music without a soul. It is easier, much easier, to play than a Mozart sonata, despite all its tumbling about, despite all its notes. You require no touch-discrimination for such a piece. You have none. In your anxiety to compass a big tone you relinquish all attempts at finer shadings,—at the *nuance*, in a word. Barly, brutal, and overladen in your style, you make my poor grand grown without getting one vigorous, vital tone. Why? Because elasticity is absent, and will always be absent, where the fingers are not allowed to make the music. The springiest wrist, the most supple forearm, the lightest upper arm can not compensate for the absence of an elastic finger-stroke. It is what lightens up and gives variety of color to a performance. You are all after tone-quantity and neglect touch—touch, the revelation of the soul."

"Yes, but your grand is worn out and won't stand any forcing of the tone," answered the Liszt Ballade, rather impudently.

"Why the dickens do you want to force the tone?" said I, in tart accents. "It is just there we disagree." I yelled, for I was getting mad. "In your mad quest of tone you destroy the most characteristic quality of pianoforte,—I mean its lack of tone. If it could might be an organ or an orchestra, but not a pianoforte. I am after tone-quality, not tonal duration. I want a pure, bright, elastic, spiritual touch, and I let the tonal mass take care of itself. In an orchestra a full chord fortissimo is interesting because it may be scored in the most prismatic manner. But hit out on the keyboard a smashing chord and, pray, where is the variety in color? With a good ear you recognize the intervals of pitch, but the color is the same—hard, cold, and monotonous, because you have choked the tone with your idiotic, hammer-like attack. Sonorous, at least, you claim? I defy you to prove it. Where was the sonority in the

metallic, crushing blows you dealt in the Liszt Ballade? There was, I admit, great clearness—a clearness that became a smudge when you used the damper pedal. No, my boys, you are on the wrong track with your orchestral-tone theory. You transform the instrument into something that is neither an orchestra nor a pianoforte. Stick to the old way; it's the best. Use plenty of finger pressure, elastic pressure, play *fiacch*, throw dumb devices to the dogs, and, if you use the arm pressure at all, confine it to the forearm. That will more than suffice for the shallow dip of the keys. You can't get over the fact that the dip is shallow, so why attempt the impossible? For the amount of your muscle expenditure you would need a key dip of about six inches. Now, watch me. I shall, without your permission, and probably to your disgust, play a nocturne by John Field. Perhaps you never heard of him? He was an Irish pianist and, like most Irishmen of brains, gave the world ideas that were promptly claimed by others. But this time it was not an Englishman but a Pole, who appropriated an Irishman's invention. This nocturne is called a forerunner to the Chopin nocturnes. They are really imitations of Field's, without the blithe, dewy sweetness of the Irishman's. First, let me put out the lamps. There is a moon that is suspended like a silver bowl over the Wissahickon. It is the hour for magic music."

Intoxicated by the sound of my own voice, I began playing the B-flat Nocturne of Field. I played it with much delicacy and a delicious tone. I was very vain of my touch. The moon melted into the atmosphere and my two guests, enthralled by the mystery of the night and my music, were still as mice. I was enraptured and played to the end. I waited for the inevitable compliment. It came not. Instead, there were stealthy snores. The pair had slept through my playing. Imbeciles! I awoke them and soon packed them off to their canvas home in the woods hard by. They'll get no more dinners or wisdom from me. I tell this tale to show the hopelessness of arguing with this effete generation of pianists. But I mean to keep on arguing until I die of apopleptic rage. Good-evening!

OLD FOGGY.

CLEMENTI VILLA-ON-THE WISSAHICKON, Sept. 23d.

CHOOSING A MUSICAL CAREER.

We often hear the question, "Am I fitted for music?" and also such expressions as, "I have a good idea of music, and would be successful if I only had a chance," or "I wish I had studied music when young," etc. We can not understand why any one should waste his or her time in vain regrets of this kind. If a person is gifted with musical genius, it will come out in some form in due time, but it will never seek those who are constantly sighing over lost opportunities. So many men and women rush into the musical field who have no ability whatever that it is no wonder that we are overcrowded with hand-to-hand players with thousands of half-educated instrumentalists and vocalists. They choose the musical vocation not because they have any talent, but because they want to shine above others, and foolishly imagine that a musician's life is an easy one. They are so carried away, too, with self-conceit that they really think that the musical art would suffer without their aid.

No one is fitted for music who is afraid of work, and no matter how high or how grand may be one's ideas of the art, he will fall flat unless there be something practical in the person himself. The number of people who would have "started the musical world" had they been blessed with opportunities "when young" would probably go away up in the thousands in this country alone! Perhaps it is wise that they were deprived of studying the divine art in their youth, for just imagine how we should be overrun with musical geniuses now, had they been allowed to develop their wonderful gifts!

—*Metronome.*

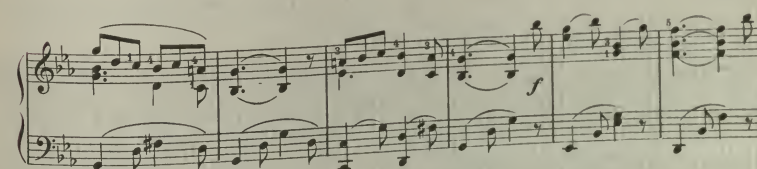
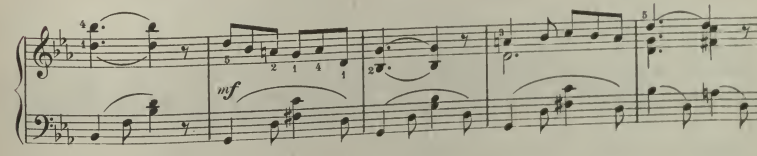
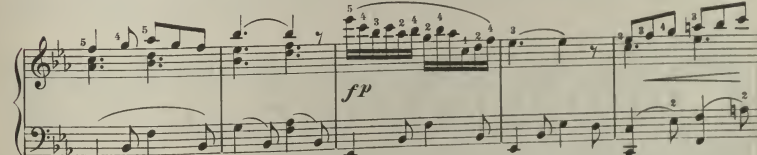
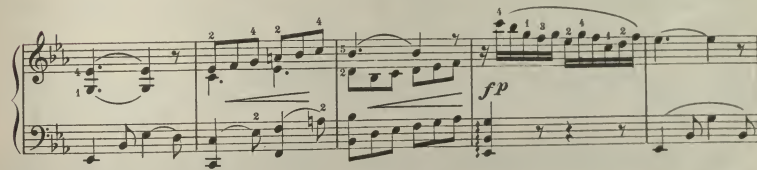
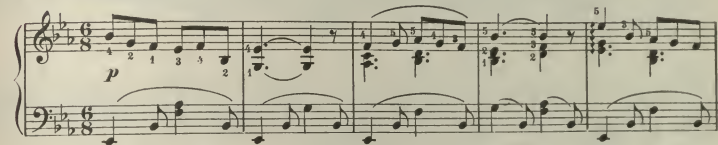
—The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

To Miss Mertie R. Sibley.

With the Tide.
Barcarole.

H. S. Saroni.

Andantino.



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p *mf* *rit.* *a tempo* *p* *mf* *f* *rit. e cresc.*

2572.3

f Pa tempo *r.h.* *cresc.* *f molto rit. e cresc. ff p* *dim. e rall. al fine.*

2572.3

No 2573

NIGHT SCENE.

JOSEPH PASTERNAK, Op. 11, No. 1.

Largo. M.M. ♩ = 56
l.h.

p *r.h.*

mf

f *rall.* *dim.* *Fine.*

M.M. ♩ = 138
frubato.

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p

cresc.

ff *p* *rit.* *D.C.*

2573-3

HERE WE GO!

Kate Vannah.

SECONDO.

p

mf

cresc.

cresc.

Fine.

HERE WE GO!

Kate Vannah.

PRIMO.

8

p

cresc. *mf*

cresc.

cresc.

Fine.

TRIO

p

cresc. *f* *p*

f *p*

f *p*

ff *D.C.*

1 2

TRIO

p

cresc. *f* *mf*

f *mf*

cresc. *ff*

f *D.C.*

1 2

HUNTING FANFARE.

Newly revised edition.

WILHELM FINK, Op. 147.

Vivace. 1. 2.

p

f *p* *rit. a tempo.* *p*

f *mf*

sempre p

la melodia marcato.

mf *f*

This image shows a page of musical notation, likely a score for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. Dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo) are used throughout. There are also articulation marks like accents and slurs. In the upper right corner, the number '11' is visible. The notation is written in a style typical of 19th or 20th-century musical manuscripts.

a tempo.

pp *rall.* *mf*

rall. *a tempo.* *ff*

poco rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

mf *cresc.*

ff *cresc.* *f*

No 2598 Dance of the Water Nymphs.

DON N. LONG.

Allegretto grazioso.

p

p

p

p

p

p a tempo

Musical score for page 14, measures 2594-2598. The score is in 4/4 time and features a piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The notation includes various dynamics and articulations:

- Measure 2594: *dolciss.* (dolce) in the right hand, with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand.
- Measure 2595: *p* (piano) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2596: *Fine.* marking at the end of the phrase.
- Measure 2597: *accell.* (accelerando) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2598: *rit.* (ritardando) marking in the right hand.

 The right hand part consists of flowing sixteenth and thirty-second note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Musical score for page 15, measures 2599-2604. The score continues in 4/4 time with the same key signature. The notation includes various dynamics and articulations:

- Measure 2599: *p* (piano) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2600: *f* (forte) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2601: *p* (piano) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2602: *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic in the right hand.
- Measure 2603: *sempre cresc.* (sempre crescendo) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2604: *marc.* (marcato) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2605: *accell.* (accelerando) marking in the right hand.
- Measure 2606: *rit. D.C.* (ritardando, Da Capo) marking in the right hand.

 The right hand part features complex sixteenth and thirty-second note patterns, often with slurs and fingerings. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment.

The Black Forest Clock.

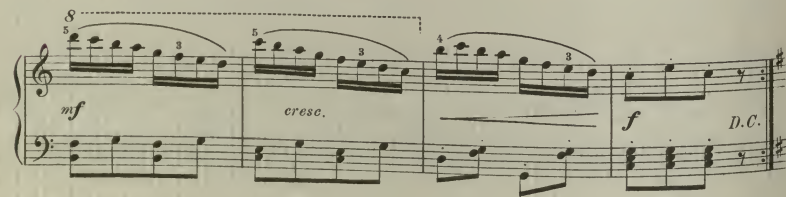
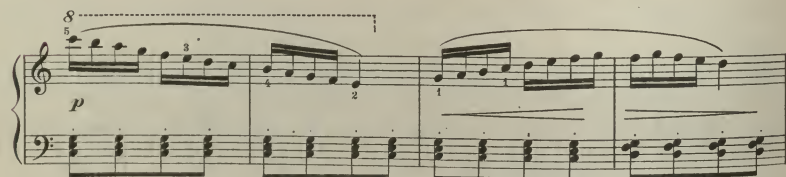
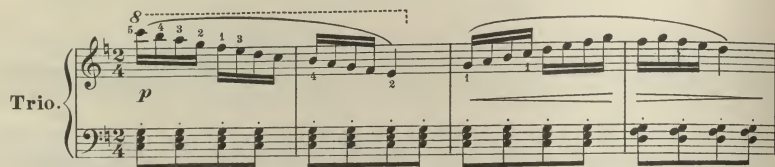
Die Schwarzwälder Uhr.

Salon-Polka.

Carl Heins, Op. 224.

Introduction.

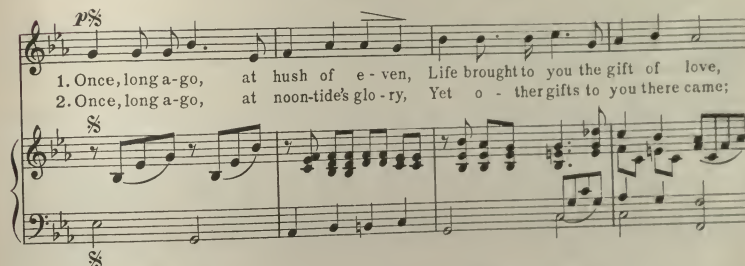
Polka.



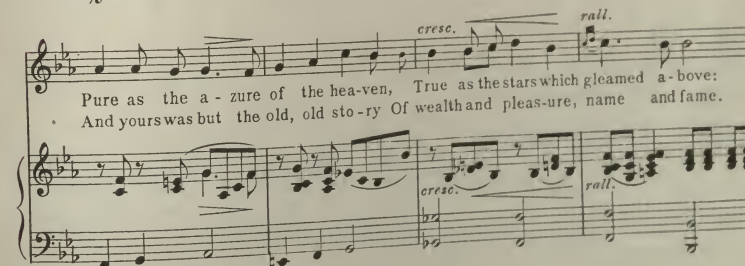
AT HUSH OF EVEN.

Words by FLORENCE HOARE.

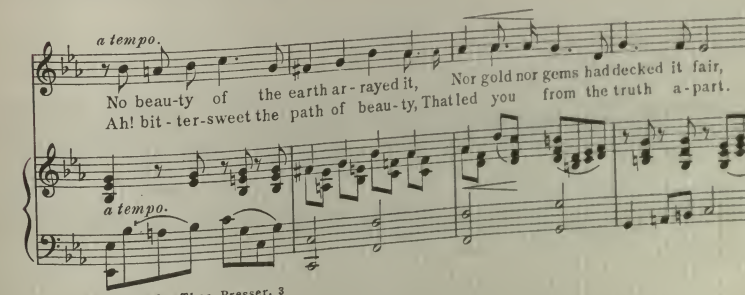
Music by A. CUTHBERT KELLY.



1. Once, long a-go, at hush of e-ven, Life brought to you the gift of love,
 2. Once, long a-go, at noon-tide's glo-ry, Yet o-ther gifts to you there came;



Pure as the a-zure of the hea-ven, True as the stars which gleamed a-bove:
 And yours was but the old, old sto-ry Of wealth and pleas-ure, name and fame.



No beau-ty of the earth ar-rayed it, Nor gold nor gems had decked it fair,
 Ah! bit-ter-sweet the path of beau-ty, That led you from the truth a-part.

mf But in a glad-dend heart you laid it, And hid it as a treas-ure there.
Oh! fool-isheyes that turn'd from du-ty, And lost the love with-in your heart.

p

1. *D. S.* *mf*

3. And

cresc.
some-times when the earth is smil-ing, And o-thers praise your

mf *cresc.*

name and grace, Be-neath your sun-ny smiles be-guil-ing, I

rall.
see the an-guish of your face; For in your heart is

p

rall.

sor-row stron-ger Than glad-ness of the world can blot,

cresc. And earth's best gift is yours no long-er, Since in your sad heart,

poco accel.

grazioso

con passione. *rall.* *cresc.* *ff*
Since in your sad heart, Since in your sad heart love is not!

rall. *cresc.* *ff colla voce.*
largamente.

Talking in My Sleep.

W. FRANCIS GATES.

Moderato.

I've something sweet to tell you, — But the se-cret you must keep, And re-member, if it is-nt night, I'm talk-ing in my sleep. I know I am but dream-ing — When I think your love is mine, And I know they are but seem-ing, Those hopes that round me shine.

pp rit. *poco rit.*

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parlando.

So re-mem-ber when I tell you What I can no lon-ger keep, We're none of us re-spon-si-ble for what we say in sleep, re-spon-si-ble for what we say in sleep, in sleep.

f *rit.* *p* *pp*

Tempo I.

My

pret-ty se-cret's com-ing, Oh, lis-ten with your heart, And you shall hear it

hum-ming, So close twill make you start, Oh shut your eyes so earn-est, Or

mine will wild-ly weep, I love you I a-dore you, but, I'm talk-ing in my

sleep, - - in my sleep. - -

pp rit. *accel.* *rit.*

THE PECULIARITIES OF THE PIANO.

BY DR. ROBERT GOLDBECK.

If we survey the entire vast field of musical literature, we have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the compositions written for the piano—or those in which the piano plays the principal part—are at least equal in quantity, quality, and importance to all the rest of musical works, whether orchestral, operatic, or for the voice, with or without instrumental accompaniment. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Grieg, and an imposing army of other distinguished composers, all have largely contributed to this special piano literature. Chopin and Liszt—particularly Chopin—derive their fame and ascendancy almost entirely from their piano compositions. Piano music is

clusively from their piano creations. Piano music is, therefore, a factor with which the musical world has to reckon. The twenty-second century will witness the symphonies of the future on an equal rank. If the symphonies of the present are so impressive, it is because the effect of the orchestra, with its varied instruments, is greater than that of the piano, restricted to the same tone-color, which, under the fingers of a great artist alone, may, to some extent, evolve different tints and hues. The piano is equally accessible to the masses, and attracts the attention of the majority of musical people, and exerts a corresponding influence upon the manner of interpretation of compositions by the masters. It is my intention in this short essay to examine and analyze, to some extent, how far this influence of piano music and piano instruments upon musical composition and performance is legitimate and how far it is not. It is legitimate inasmuch as it helps one to bring out how to avoid and hide, as much as possible, defects which arise, partly from the imperfection of the piano and partly from the limited power of representation of the fingers, to which is assigned the task of representing the orchestra. It is not legitimate inasmuch as it is permitted to be more easily, completely, and perfectly by an orchestra, with its many accomplished players.

First, as to the imperfections of the piano: An instrument of percussion, its tone is short-lived, and incapable of a crescendo. From the moment the key is sounded its tone begins to fade away—an effect charming in itself, but one the player has no direct means of controlling with an expressive, continuous crescendo. The piano is therefore, in a considerable part of our present piano technique. Repeated notes and chords, rapid passages of every imaginable kind, a passionate storming onward, the introduction of the pedal and its artistic use—all with the more or less unconscious thought and need for some compensation for the scant tone length of the instrument and to simulate a crescendo; in fact, the modern piano technique is a technique of compensation. This is seen how imperfection becomes a cause and stimulus of progress, improvement, and evolution, in music as well as in other things. These results, again, were accepted in other forms of music, such as the orchestral symphony or instrumental chamber music, and even vocal music even, not excluding the operatic and the song, to produce a grander, more powerful style. With acquisitions of undoubted importance, none would feel disposed to find fault with the defective tone of the piano—the cause of so much good. Had the organ been the only keyed instrument, the process of musical progress would have been much slower; for it is well known how the organ itself owes its later development of style and effect to the piano, adopting its lighter and more flexible touch and its forms of composition, frivolous only under frivolous hands.

The limited tone-length of the piano necessitates the more emphatic marking of notes of longer value, especially tied notes. This is not called for in music for the voice, or any instrument capable of prolonging the tone, and may, therefore, be considered a peculiarity of the piano. It is an unavoidable imperfection of style, requiring careful modification.

As the piano tone is produced by pressing down the key, —its control being limited to the first touch,—it is evident that beauty of piano-playing depends entirely upon just this touch. The pianist must learn to touch and press the keys with sufficient emphasis to prolong the tone as much as possible without making it harsh or

THE ETUDE

hard. Hence, all the artistic devices of dropping the fingers, wrist, or arm easily, yet firmly, upon the key, holding them down to their full depth, or merely pressing the keys (without drop), varying the weight of the pressure from a mere feather-like gravity to the most impressive demonstration of force; or else caressing the keys with almost imperceptible moving of the finger tips upon their surface, in contrast to the crisp grasp of the direct attack.

Possibly the progress of music would have been the same had there been no piano, but assuredly a much longer time would have been required, nor would it have penetrated the masses so readily.

The shortness of the piano tone has also most forcibly brought into evidence the necessity of a perfect legato—the very foundation of all expressive musical interpretation.

The universality and self-sufficiency of the piano, in connection with its imperfect tone and the limited capacity of the fingers of the human hand, has produced a style, notably in the embellishments, which does not fully coincide with the requirements of true musical art, and has been productive, consequently, of a very and disproportionate number of such fancies. For every dissonance, in the matter of beats (trills), grace notes, short and long appoggiatures, and mordents: The orchestra player, the violinist, executes a beat or a grace note simply and freely, without regard to the question whether the first note of such an embellishment shall coincide together with some particular beat or not. For any other player, in fact, it is not necessary to do it and does not think of it. The pianist, however, if he belongs to the conservative faction, will be fearful of committing a sin if he does so not scrupulously and with painful exactitude throw the first note of the mordent or beat upon the principle note played in the left hand. And as to the ornaments he will often be in doubt, whether or not he perhaps should not be in doubt, he will think himself particularly orthodox in the case of a whole series of grace notes or ornaments to have the first of these begin with the fundamental note, ending the whole run on an afterbeat. Such a thing is possible on the piano, but is inefficient, orchestral or logical, and, moreover, is ineffectual, and crooked, and, in the end, the warfare Schumann waged, and which others are warfare again.

[illegible]

orchestral effect. There is a wholesome tendency now to avoid excessively wide chords, as they are ugly when they become jumpy, failing entirely in their primary object, that of rendering the style of piano-playing grander or more orchestral.

A whole book might be written upon the peculiarities of execution and interpretation arising from the restrictions connected with the piano; suffice it to say, at present, that a great number of the devices of expression and technique, familiar to piano players, are not strictly in accordance with pure musical art, and that the progressive and well-endowed musician should avoid and counteract them as much as possible. It is a good thing, when studying the interpretation of some master piece, constantly to have in mind the naturally more perfect style of the orchestra, endeavoring to come nearer and nearer to it. In this manner piano interpretation might be purified as well as elevated and identified.

ENSEMBLE PLAYING.

Or pianofortes? "The visible stock," as they say in the metal market, is enormous. And it is a stock to which huge additions are weekly, daily, hourly made. Each of those instruments, we may take it, is played on by an average of at least two persons, and thus the real total of players would consequently, if accurately counted, reach a surprising figure. But even all this army of players who play the piano—there are some who can accompany tolerably in song accompaniment! Would not the percentage be represented by a decimal point digit reached? If we demand an accompaniment to an instrumental solo, the percentage will be even smaller, and if we demand a vocal accompaniment, still smaller, whilst, if we ask for an adequate musical composition, the forte part is again considerably reduced. So what percentage do you estimate? Justly, but hatefully, less. Why should this be? There are plenty of pianists who have a sufficient technical equipment.

It seems that in the case of these three factors, the accompaniment is deficient because of an intrinsic lack of appreciation of the fitness of things, or from want of thought, or from sheer ignorance, or from want of practice, or from a combination of all or any of these things. As to the first, it should not be necessary at this end of the century to point out that an accompaniment means an accompaniment—that is, the accompaniment should always be subordinate to the solo. To too many pianists the accompaniment is apparently the important part of the composition. Far be it from them to consider the composer's intentions, to reflect that the accompaniment is but the background—beautiful though it may be even in itself—to a central figure, the solo. No, the accompaniment shall be background, middle distance—say, and foreground, too—must heaven help the solo!

Again, the lamentable failure to accompany may be due simply to want of thought. It is easy to forget that the pianoforte is a very powerful instrument, and that otherwise most artistic player may, from sheer forgetfulness of this fact, utterly spoil the singer's or violinist's best efforts. Ignorance of the capabilities of the particular voice or instrument to be accompanied is also responsible for much. One need not be a great musician to realize that a pianist should, when dealing with delicate and florid violin passages, show greater restraint than when accompanying strong, sustained notes of the violincello.

The value of practice in accompaniment, as in other matters, is so obvious as to need no special arguments in its favor.

In fact, a pianist of moderate ability can hardly lay up for himself and for others a store of greater pleasure than by making a special study of the art of accompaniment.—"*Musical Answers.*"

—Let us not unduly depress ourselves because we have not succeeded in what we have undertaken. It may be the very best thing that has ever happened to us.

Mr. Wm. J. Hall, in his College of Music at Cedar Rapids, has gathered together a strong corps of teachers.

Mr. Paul East, director of the Central California Conservatory of Music, Fresno, Cal., reports a gratifying outlook for the next season.

Mr. Thomas Whitely Roberts has already booked a large number of lecture engagements for the coming season. He reports a great activity among the women's clubs.

The Browne School of Music, Columbus, Ga., J. Lewis Browne, director, has moved into new and larger quarters, the building formerly occupied by the Public Library.

The Wesleyan College of Music, Bloomington, Ill., Mr. O. R. Skinner, director, has added two more teachers to the faculty, owing to the increase in the number of students.

The Boston Training School of Music, of which Mr. George H. Howard is one of the directors, has opened for the new season with several additional teachers.

TESTIMONIALS

"The Masters and Their Music" came last week and just in time to use in our club work. It contains just the information that I want and I hope to make good use of it.

MARIE L. BUREN.

I am delighted with "Ear Training," and the best part of it is, all the exercises are perfectly practical.

MAUD H. MILLER.

I am in receipt of "The Masters and Their Music." The programs given in connection with the biography and character of the authors are of inestimable value to the student and teacher, and for the use of music clubs is the most interesting and convenient volume it has been my fortune to see, being concise, complete, and interesting.

MARY K. LOGAN.

Allow me to say that I have greatly appreciated the courtesies extended to me as a member of the profession, and that I can not imagine anything more satisfactory than my dealings have been with your house.

MISS CAROLINE MATTHEWS.

I have been very much pleased with your promptness and kindness in filling orders, also with your special offers. Have quite a library by taking advantage of them.

GRACE M. BRAMHALL.

I want to thank you for prompt attention and On Sale music. I do not think now I could get along without THE ETUDE. Do not fail to send me THIS ETUDE; it is my best friend in my work.

LIZZIE E. RICHARDSON.

I want to thank you for the promptness and completeness with which you filled my order of last week, and will say that I was very much gratified there. Depend upon my patronage in the future, and whatever good I can do you I shall be happy to perform.

F. MARION SOURBEER.

I am greatly pleased with Dr. Clarke's new "Harmony," as I am with all the publications you send out.

MRS. F. A. HEARTBELL.

I received the game "The Great Composers," and am delighted with it.

ERNA KAYANA.

I think a great deal of your "Read Organ Studies," and have better success in advancing pupils with them than any other studies I have ever used.

JENNIE COCKRELL.

I am much pleased with the "Standard English Songs"; it is the finest collection I have seen.

JENNIE H. REED.

The "Pronouncing Dictionary" was received this afternoon. I have looked it over and find it just what I have been wanting.

Mrs. R. L. POLLARD.

Your On Sale music is more to my taste; nothing trashy. It is all carefully selected.

Mrs. Rev. A. G. BECKY.

I regard "How to Teach: How to Study," by E. M. Seaton, as a most ennobling work, which, if followed, would give us purity in aim and attainment. A teacher and pupil with such ambition and effort will uplift and encourage his day and generation.

Mrs. T. W. RAYMOND.

I bought a set of Mason's "Tone and Technique," which your journal so highly recommends, and insisted on my piano-teacher instructing me in this. She consented, and likes the system so well she now uses it with a large class.

VIOLA BISHOP.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Notices for this column inserted at 5 cents a word for one insertion, payable in advance. Copy must be received by the 10th of the previous month to insure publication in the next number.

ROBERT GOLDBECK, PIANIST, COMPOSER, AND Teacher, invites correspondence concerning lessons. Also write for particulars of new "Dictionary of Music." Studio 627, Fine Arts Building, 303 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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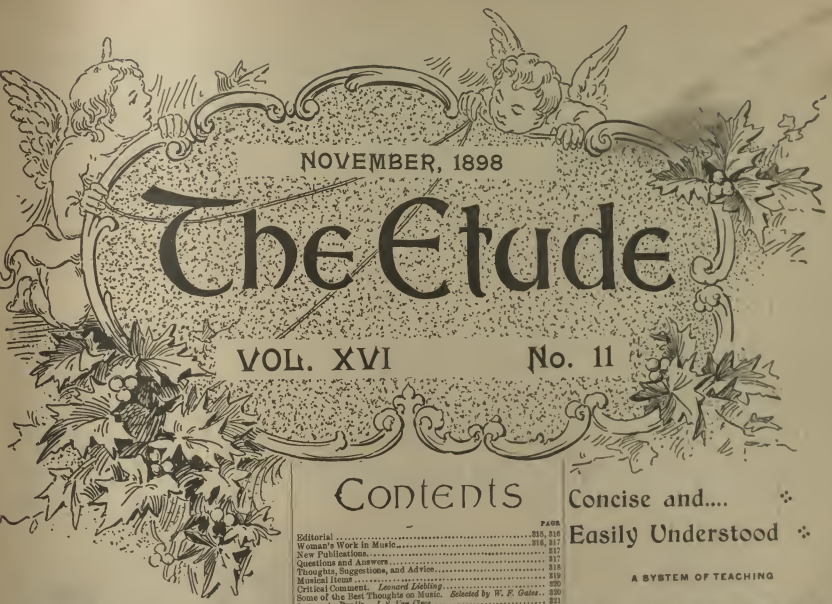
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